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Not a Penny to Pay for the Full Medical Examination.

If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease, mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank which you will fill out and return to us.

Munyon's, 534 and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

FASHION HINTS



To have a one piece semi-fitted linen dress is to know solid comfort. Make it of a dark shade, and guileless of frills.

"You can't make me believe," Uncle Abernethy was saying, "that there isn't something in fortune telling."

"That's what I was going to tell you," resumed Uncle Abernethy. "Once when I was at the county fair I saw a little tent with a sign on the outside of it that said 'Madame Somebody-or-other would tell your fortune for 25 cents.' I stepped inside, just for fun.

"A woman with a thick veil over her face was sitting in a chair on a raised platform. I gave her a quarter, and she looked at my hand. One of the things she told me was that I was going to have a large party at my house in less than a month, and that it would be followed by a calamity."

"I laughed at that. 'Thanks I to myself, we haven't had any parties of any kind to our house for two years, and I don't reckon we'll have one quite as soon as that.'"

"But it did come true. In about two weeks my wife's Aunt Jane came to visit us, and if you think she ain't a large party you ought to see her. She weighs 287 pounds."

"But how about the calamity?" inquired the man who was sitting on the side seat, after a long pause.

"Well," said Uncle Abernethy, slowly, "she broke down our spare bed the first night she slept in it."

Subsidiary Ignorance. Fred McGooble (stopping in front of a shop window)—My dear, this is the most remarkable collection of unique waste baskets I ever saw.

Mrs. McGooble—Waste baskets! You helpless hussy! Those are the new styles of spring hats!

Great Britain produced 3,917,618 tons of potatoes last year—a record total ON FOOD.

The Right Foundation of Food. Proper food is the foundation of health. People can eat improper food for a time until there is a sudden collapse of the digestive organs, then all kinds of trouble follows.

The proper way out of the difficulty is to shift to the pure, scientific food, Grape-Nuts, for it rebuilds from the foundation up. A New Hampshire woman says:

"Last summer I was suddenly taken with indigestion and severe stomach trouble and could not eat food without great pain. My stomach was so sore I could hardly move about. This kept up until I was so miserable life was not worth living."

"Then a friend finally, after much argument, induced me to quit my former diet and try Grape-Nuts. Although I had but little faith I commenced to use it and great was my surprise to find that I could eat it without the usual pain and distress in my stomach."

The Main Chance. BY Meredith Nicholson. COPYRIGHT 1903 THE BOYD-MERRILL COMPANY.

CHAPTER XX.

Wheaton sat in his room the next evening, clutching a copy of a Gazette extra in which a few sentences under long headlines gave the latest rumor about the mysterious disappearance of Grant Porter.

He had that morning received a postal card, signed "W. W.," which bore a few taunting sentences in a handwriting which Wheaton readily recognized. He did not for an instant question that William Wheaton, alias Snyder, had abducted Grant Porter, nor did he believe the situation thus created as it affected him.

He faced it coldly, as was his way. He ought not to have refused Snyder's appeals, he confessed to himself; the debt he owed his brother for the whole burden of their common youthful crime had never been discharged. The bribes and subterfuges which Wheaton had employed to keep him away from Clarkson had never been prompted by brotherly gratitude or generosity, but always by his fear of having so odious a connection made public.

He went down to dinner late, in the clothes that he had worn at the bank all day and thus brought upon himself the banter of Caldwell, the Transcontinental, who was sitting out as he entered the dining-room door.

"What's the matter, Wheaton? Sold or pawned your other clothes? Come on now and give us the real truth about the kidnapping," said Caldwell with cheerful interest. "You'd better watch the bank or the same gang may carry it off next."

"I guess the bank's safe enough," Wheaton answered. "And I don't know anything except what I read in the papers." He hoped the others would not think him indifferent; but they were busy discussing various rumors and theories as to the route taken by the kidnapers and the amount of ransom. He threw in his own comment and speculations from time to time.

"Clarkson's out chasing them," said Caldwell. "I passed him and Saxton driving like mad out Merriam street at noon. The mention of Haridan and Saxton did not comfort Wheaton. He reflected that they had undoubtedly been to the porter house since the alarm had been sounded, and he wondered whether his own remissness in this regard had been remarked at the Hill. His fingers were cold as he stirred his coffee; and when he had finished he hurriedly left the room.

He felt easier when he got out into the cool night air. His day at the bank had been one long horror; but the clang of the cars, the lights in the streets, gave him contact with life again. He felt, probably for the first time, that he was to offer his services to the Porters, though he knew that every means of assistance had been employed, and that there was nothing to do but to make inquiries. He grew uneasy as his car neared the house, and he climbed the bank of the hill like one who bears a burden. He had traversed this walk many times in the past year, in the varying moods of a lover, who one day walks the heights and is the next plunged into the depths; and latterly, since his affair with Margrave, he had known moods of conscience, too, and these returned upon him with forebodings now. If Porter had not been ill, there would never have been that interview with Margrave at the bank; and Grant would not have been at home to be kidnapped. It seemed to him that the troubles of other people rather than his own errors were bearing down the balance against his happiness.

Evelyn came to the parlor with eyes red from weeping. "Oh, have you no news?" she cried to him. He had kept on his overcoat and held his hat in his hand. Her grief stung him; a great wave of tenderness swept over him; but it was followed by a wave of terror. Evelyn was as she had been, but her eyes were staring, and she looked as if she were about to faint. "It is dreadful, horrible!" he forced himself to say. "But certainly no harm can come to the boy. No doubt in a few hours—"

"Nothing had been heard from them when I came up town." He still stood, watching her pityingly. "I hope you understand how sorry I am—how dreadful I feel about it." He walked over to her and she thought he meant to go. She had not heard what he said, but she thought he had been offering help.

"Oh, thank you! Everything is being done, I know. They will find him tonight, won't they? They surely must," she pleaded. Her father called her in his weakened voice to know who was there and she hurried away to him.

Wheaton's eyes followed her as she went weeping from the room, and he watched her, feeling that he might never see her again. He felt the poignancy of this hour's history of his having brought upon his house a hideous wrong. The French clock on the mantel struck seven and then tinkled the three quarters lingeringly. There were roses in a vase on the mantel; he had sent them to her the day before. He stood as one dazed for a minute after she had vanished, as if amid a ruin that he had brought upon the place; and then he went out of the house and down the slope into the street, like a man in a dream.

While Wheaton swayed between fear and hope, the community was abuzz with excitement. Reports for the boy's return were telegraphed in every direction. The only clue was the slight testimony of Mrs. Whipple. She had told and re-told her story to detectives and reporters. There was only one little to tell. She had walked with her to the car. She had seen only one of the men that had driven up to the curb—the one that had inquired about the entrance to Mr. Porter's grounds. She remembered that he had moved his head curiously to one side as he spoke, and there was something unusual about his eyes which she could not describe. Perhaps he had only one eye; she did not know.

Haridan and Saxton, acting independently of the authorities in the confusion and excitement, followed a slight trail that led them far countryward. They lost the trail completely at a village fifteen miles away, and after alarming the country drove back to town. Meanwhile another message had been sent to the father of the boy stating that the ransom money could be taken by a single messenger to a certain spot in the country, at midnight, and that within forty-eight hours thereafter the boy would be returned. He was safe from pursuit, the note stated, and an ominous hint was dropped that it would be wise to abandon the idea of procuring the captive's return unharmed without paying the sum asked. Mr. Porter told the detectives that the proposed meeting was set for the third night after the abduction; the captors were in no hurry, they wrote. The crime was clearly the work of daring men, and had been carefully planned with a view to quickening the anxiety of the family of the stolen boy. And so twenty-four hours passed.

"This is a queer game," said Haridan, on the second evening, as he and John discussed the subject again in John's room at the club. "I don't just make it out. If the money was all these fellows wanted, they could make a quick trawl of it. Mr. Porter's crazy to pay any sum. But they seem to want to prolong the agony."

"That looks queer," said Saxton. "There may be something back of it. But Porter hasn't any enemies who would try this kind of thing. There are business men here who would like to do him up in a trade, but this is a little out of the usual channels." Saxton got up and walked the floor.

"Look here, Warry, did you ever know a one-eyed man? It has just occurred to me that I have seen such a man since I came to this part of the country; but the circumstances were peculiar. This thing is queerer than ever as I think of it."

"Well?" "It was back at the Pointdexter place when I first went there. A fellow named Snyder was in charge. He had made a rat's nest of the house, and resented the idea of a search. He seemed to think he was there to stay. Wheaton had given him the job before I came. I remember that I asked Wheaton if it made any difference to him what I did with the fellow. He didn't seem to care and I bought him. That was two years ago and I haven't heard of him since."

"Who's at the Pointdexter place now?" "Nobody; I haven't been there myself for a year or more."

"Is it likely that fellow is at the bottom of this, and that he has made a break for the ranch house? That must be a good lonesome place out there."

"Well, it won't take long to find out. The thing to do is to go ourselves without saying a word to any one. Let's make a still hunt of it. The detective are busy on what may be real clues and this is only a guess."

"I can't imagine that fellow Snyder doing anything so dashing as carrying off a millionaire's son. He didn't look to me as if he had the nerve."

"It's only a chance, but it's worth trying." In the lower hall they met Wheaton, who was pacing up and down. He was afraid of John Saxton; Saxton, he felt, probably knew the part he had played in the street railway matter. It seemed to him that Saxton must have told others; probably Saxton had Evelyn's certificate put away for use when William Porter should be restored to his home. This thought ran through his mind as John and Warry stood talking to him.

"Wheaton," said Saxton, "do you remember that fellow Snyder who was in charge of the Pointdexter place when I came here?" "What—oh yes?" His hand rose quickly to his carefully tied four-in-hand and he fingered it nervously.

"You may not remember it, but he had only one eye." "Yes, that's so," said Wheaton, as if recalling the fact with difficulty.

Wheaton and Haridan hurried out together to The Becholders' to get their own things. It was a relief to Wheaton to have something to do; it was hardly possible that Snyder had fled to the ranch house; but in any event he was glad to get away from Clarkson for a few hours. (To be continued.)

THE DRINKING HABIT.

We are Exceeding the Liquid Requirements of the Organism. It would be idle to deny that the drinking habit has reached almost the proportions of a pastime among us. We no longer drink only when we are thirsty. We drink when surrounded by our fellows to promote good fellowship just as we drink when alone to escape from boredom; we drink when we are merry and we drink when we are depressed. In short, we drink much and often.

Each has his favorite tipple. Tea, that mild distillation of the Orient, is the beverage of gossip and literature, suggesting placid rumination and a quiet setting. Soda, ginger beer and the thousand and one concoctions of the corner soda fountain tempt the attention above all in hot weather. Wine and more ardent spirits administer a fillip to the nerves of those who are addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants. Each after his fashion indulges in some kind of excess.

The secret of this indulgence in liquid refreshment of various sorts is to be found largely in the fact that each season sees a multiplication of the beverages that are agreeable to the taste. We drink not because we are thirsty, but because the flavor is pleasing to the palate, and in doing this some physicians contend we are exceeding the liquid requirements of the organism. In considering this matter editorially the Lancet remarks:

"The thirsty person who cannot satisfy his thirst unless the beverage contains what is in reality a drug has really acquired an unhealthy habit, or, to put it plainly, a disease. Yet what else is the alcohol of the various alcoholic beverages, the caffeine of tea and coffee, the glucose or quinine of bitters, or even the ginger of ginger beer or of ginger ale, the aromatic oil of the liqueur, the carbonic acid gas in soda water, the citric acid of the lemon and so on but a drug? All these clearly convey something into the organism over and above water itself; they cannot quench thirst in the sense that water does."

The medical journal goes on to ascribe the great growth of this habit of drinking liquids other than water to the fear that water may contain disease entities. It ends with a warning that persistence in the habit frequently manifests its ill effects in a disturbance of function which may result in harm to the entire organism.

Rothschild's Rules. The greater financiers or business men frequently give to the public wise maxims for success. But it is not always definitely known whether these maxims were formulated when the particular Captain of Industry was a barefooted boy selling newspapers or since arrival at the pinnacle of fame.

It is, therefore, more interesting to read the rules formulated before final success by Rothschild—the Rothschild, the man who founded the house and was Europe's greatest financier. Here are a few of them:

Carefully examine every detail of your business. Be prompt in everything. Take time to consider, and then decide quickly.

Dare to go forward. Be brave in the struggle of life. Make no useless acquaintances. Pay your debts promptly. Learn how to risk your money at the right moment.

Employ your time well. Be polite to everybody. Never be discouraged. Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed.

Uncle Sam's Slim Land Reserve. The time when a man might move westward and take up virgin soil at his pleasure has passed, and in general, it may be said that the son of the farmer of to-day must look for his sole heritage in the land his father holds. It is now a barren boast that "Uncle Sam has a farm for every one of us." In 1902 we had less than 90,000,000 acres of unoccupied habitable land. What a slim reserve that is may be realized from the fact that one-fourth of it was disposed of in the following year. We cannot add to our agricultural areas except by irrigation and drainage, but we may, by intelligent selection of crops, by scientific cultivation and by careful treatment of land make it produce three or four times as much as it does at present. And this is the direction in which our development should proceed, for we must find room within the next thirty years for a doubled population in a territory already fully occupied according to our undiscerning ideas. The American farmer of the future must be a man of broad mind and technical knowledge.

In 1915. Farmer—What's all that racket, Mandy? Farmer's Wife—One of them thar air-ship chaps is tumbling down the chimney and out into the dining room. Farmer—Do tell! Wall, jest set another plate on the table and tell him to make himself comfortable. Funny how guests do drop in these days.

Getting Rich. "How did you get the money to buy paints to finish your big picture?" asked the sympathetic intimate of the struggling artist. "Pawmed my coat!" "Oh! And how much did you get for your picture?" "Nearly enough to get my coat out."—London Globe.

Indignant Beauty. An omnibus conductor called out to a preoccupied lady, "Miss, your fare!" "Well," exclaimed the girl, rousing up, "if I am I don't want any of your impudence."—Tit-Bits.

In Persia it is considered effeminate to laugh.

WOMEN AND FASHION

CREPE RADIUM.

Entertaining Quietly. These people who entertain all the time in a cheap way make me sick," said a young housekeeper discussing an inexpensive party a friend had given. "How much smarter Margery's affairs would be if she gave one stunning lunch or dinner a season? It would save her lots of trouble, too."

Ideas like these are the deathblow to hospitality and sociability. Women who cannot give handsome dinners and luncheons give nothing. They limit their entertaining and are burdened by a weight of unpaid social obligations because they cannot have as fine linen or china as wealthier friends.

The power to entertain handsomely is enviable; even more to be envied is the gift of entertaining charmingly but simply. Girls at home and young married women who possess this knack are never lacking in popularity. It is a pleasant thing to welcome one's friends, but when their coming means a splurge that can be ill-afforded entertaining misses its purpose.

We need to get back to the simpler ways when having a few guests to dinner did not mean a caterer, several extra waiters and swelled bills. There are brides who pine to show off their dainty gifts of silver and china, who yet keep their pretty things packed away waiting for the time when they can give a costly enough meal to be in keeping. How more than foolish! There are many ways in which young people can entertain at little cost. Eliminate expensive refreshments and costly prices. These are the things that run into money. What is needed is courage not to do as the rest of your set does.

To Freshen Flowers. If cut flowers from the florist's or garden are placed as soon as possible in cold water in which a little mild soap has been dissolved, making suds, they will keep fresh much longer than usual, and will even freshen up wonderfully if they have already drooped. Also, if one wishes to keep roses in bud for some time, a soft thread should be tied snugly around the bud, and when ready for use, even though several days after picking, the rose will be found as snug a bud as when first tied up, and, moreover, will not shatter as soon as ordinarily.—Women's Home Companion.

To Decrease Height. When standing or walking the effect of tallness may be decreased by a slight droop of the head. To allow the head to hang so extreme and accomplish nothing beyond an unpleasant appearance, while the tiniest droop can do wonders. There should be no stooping of the shoulders, however, for this will ruin the figure and make the girl herself awkward. She should hold herself erect, though not stiffly so. Marvels may be done in taking off inches by the manner of hair dressing.

Law of Attraction. The attractions of men to women and women to men are full of the most perplexing inconsistencies and contradictions imaginable. It is, for instance, a physical law that magnetism is not simple attraction of one thing for another, but the difference of two opposing forces of attraction and repulsion, of which the former is the greater. The same law holds in relation to the attraction of men and women for each other.

Stylish Foulard Gown. Dotted wistaria satin foulard was used to make the gown from which this model was sketched. Plain satin-covered buttons are elaborately used for decoration, and the Empire waist line is defined by a band of velvet (several shades darker than gown of material) attached in front at bust line by two huge smoochfast tabs. Chemise and stock are white Irish crochet lace.



How to Open a Book. Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening the back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times, and you will obtain the best results. Open the vol-

CREPE RADIUM.



A handsome afternoon or luncheon gown of crushed grape crepe radium made with tunic front and long train. The double row of braiding down each side and across bottom of tunic is done in dark grape soutache. The round chemise and stock of tucked white silk mousseline is outlined by a wide band of self-tone passementerie. Double bands of same trim the bottom of tucked front bodice, just above the unique empire waist.

A Good Disappointment. Mrs. Gaud spent \$36,000 a year all money, and she insisted on the stand that no lady in her position could dress becomingly on less than \$40,000 a year. So she's short \$4,000 a year above, not to speak of hotel, carriage and touring expenses. Evidently this unhappy woman is doomed to a life of self-denial. What she wanted was \$26,000 a year.

Should Train Their Nerves. We hear women talk of "nerves!" as though they looked upon them as their greatest foes. All the physical pleasures of life are brought to us through our nerves, and even the higher joys of the intellectual and the spiritual life we become aware of only through the medium of feeling, and for this reason alone it behooves one to keep one's nerves in a normal, healthful and responsive condition.

The fact that the nervous system is amenable to training and that its habits can be unerringly cultivated at one's own will, and under one's own direction, or with outside assistance is necessary, is a fact of growing importance. This is so because the recent work of scientific men is showing us to what a minute degree nerve habits can be controlled and also because especially in America, our climate and our modern civilization are making greater demands upon nervous force and contribute to the ungracious formation of detrimental nervous habits.

The time has come, prophesied by Mr. Gilman's "neolithic man": We're going to wear great piles of stuff. Outside our natural skins. We're going to have diseases. And accomplishments and sins.

Worry, ill temper, haste, fretfulness, overwork, selfishness, egotism and distrust are in many cases bad habits of the nerves.—Anna Sturges Duryea in the Delinquent.

Women Who Do Things. Miss Anna Pritchett, of Louisville, only 24 years old, is professor of economics at Wellesley College. Miss Margaret Ashton, sister-in-law of Ambassador Bryce, has been elected to the town council of her native place in England. Miss Zella Nuttall, of Chicago, is field director of the Red-Cross expedition in Mexico. Miss Louise Blano and Mrs. Joanne Menard are regular ship physicians on two of the largest Mediterranean steamships.

Beauty's Man. The forehead filled with lines is not always a sign of years. Often it is nothing but evidence of bad facial habits. Do you knit your eyebrows when you are thinking of perplexing matters or are down on your luck? If you do you will have a forehead seamed with lines and several deep furrows between the eyes.

That Search for a Shovel. "Lady, I'm de gent you hired ter clean your snow off last winter!" "But, my dear man, it's summer now, and the snow is all gone." "I know, lady; but it's took me all dis time ter borrow a shovel."

Poetry, Prose and Truth. "If I should die, and at my death some friend should come and stand above me—should whisper with his sobbing breath how very much he's come to love me—if he should weep and wring his hands and wail that I had acted fairly—should say that ever from the streets he's boosted me for doing bravely; if he should say that I was right in giving out some close decision against the home team in a fight where he had never cursed my vision; if he should whisper in his grief, 'Old boy, I know that you were straight—I never called you a lopsided thief nor swore you were a pirate's mate; I never clamored for a rope when your decisions looked quite sickly; nor have I yet expressed the hope you'd go where snowballs vanish quickly; I clasped each time you acted well, as thou you were a human being—nor did I give you money I— for accidents beyond my seeking; I always thought you did your best, and so no side advice I proffered—I think you fairly met the test whenever the occasion offered. If these were but the words he said, I'd rise up in my white cravat—it were not enough to wake the dead to get a sudden shock like that—I'd rise up in my coat of white and look around a bit, and then, if I found that I'd heard right, I'd drop back dead again."—Greenland Eke.

The Berlin police administration has decided to establish a corps of woman detectives.